

Seven Stanzas at Easter

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I

Soprano ^{a2} ^{a1}
Make no mis-take:— if He rose— at all
it was as His bo - dy;— if the cells' dis-so-lu-tion did not re - verse,—

Alto
Make no mis-take:— if He rose— at all
it was as His bo - dy; if the cells' dis-so-lu-tion did not re-verse, the mo - le -

Tenore
Make no mis-take:— if He rose— at all it was as His bo - dy;— if the cells' dis-so-lu-tion did not re-verse,— the mo - le -

Basso
Make no mis-take:— if He rose— at all
it was as His bo - dy; the mo -

II

Soprano
(verse), the mo - le - cu - les re - knit, the a - cids re - kin - dle, the Church will fall.— It was not as the flow-ers, each soft Spring re-cur-rent;— it was
(cue - ells) (dall)

Alto
- cu - les re - knit, the a - mi - no a - cids re - kin - dle, the Church will fall.— It was not
(cue - ells) (dall)

Tenore
- cu - les re - knit, the a - mi - no a - cids re - kin - dle, the Church will fall.— It was not
(cue - ells) (dall)

Basso
- le - cu - les re - knit, the a - cids re - kin - dle, the Church will fall.— It was not
(cue - ells) (dall)

Soprano
not as His Spi - rit in the months and fud-ble eyes of the e-le-ven a-pos-tles; it was as His flesh: ours. The same valv - ed heart

Alto
(not) as His Spi - rit; it was as His flesh: ours. The same hinged thumbs and toes, the same valved heart that -

Tenore
(not) as His Spi - rit; it was as His flesh: ours. The same valv - ed heart

Basso
(not) as His Spi - rit; it was as His flesh: ours. The same valv - ed heart

Soprano
that - pierced - died, with - ered, paused, and then re-gath-ered out of en-dur - ing Might new strength to en - close. Let us not mock

Alto
- pierced - died, with - ered, paused, and then re-gath - ered out of en - dur - ing Might new strength to en - close. Let us not mock God

Tenore
that - pierced - died, with - ered, paused, and then re-gath-ered out of en - dur - ing Might new strength to en - close. Let us not mock God with me-ta-phor,

Basso
that - pierced - died, with - ered, paused, and then re-gath-ered out of en - dur - ing Might new strength to en - close. Let us not mock God with a -

Soprano
God with trans - cend - ences mak-ing of the e - vent a sign: let us walk through the door.

Alto
(God) with side - step-ping; mak-ing of the e - vent a pa - ra - ble (ball) a sign: let us walk through the door.

Tenore
(phry) mak-ing of the e - vent a pa - ra - ble, a sign point - ed in the fad-ed cre-du - li - ty of ear-li-er a - ges: let us walk through the door.

Basso
- na - lo - gy, side - step-ping; mak-ing of the e - vent a pa - ra - ble (ball) a sign: let us walk through the door.

Soprano
The stone is rolled back, not pa-pier-mâ-ché, but the vast rock that in the slow grind-ing of—

Alto
The stone is rolled back, not a stone in a sto - ry, but the vast rock that in the slow grind-ing of—

Tenore
The stone is rolled back, not pa-pier-mâ - ché, but the vast rock that in the slow grind-ing of—

Basso
The stone is rolled back, not pa-pier-mâ-ché, not a stone in a sto - ry, but the vast rock of ma-te-ri-a-li - ty that in the slow grind-ing of time will e -

Soprano
(of) time will e-clipse the wide light of day.— And if we will have an an-gel at the tomb,—

Alto
(of) time will e-clipse the wide light of day.— Make it a re-al (all) an-gel,—

Tenore
(of) time will e-clipse the wide light of day.— Weight-y with Max Planck's quan-ta, o-paque in the dawn—

Basso
-clipse for each of us the wide light of day.— Vi-vid with hair,—

Soprano
(tomb,) spun on a de-fi-nite loom.— Let us not seek to make it less mons-trous, (tress) for our own con-ven-i-ence, our own sense of beau-ty, lest, a-wak-ened

Alto
robed in re-al (all) lin-en spun on a de-fi-nite loom.— Let us not seek to make it less mons-trous, (tress) for our own con-ven-i-ence, our own sense of beau-ty, lest, a-wak-ened

Tenore
(dawn) light, spun on a de-fi-nite loom.— Let us not seek to make it less mons-trous, (tress) for our own con-ven-i-ence, our own sense of beau-ty, lest, a-wak-ened

Basso
(hair,) spun on a de-fi-nite loom.— Let us not seek to make it less mons-trous, (tress) for our own con-ven-i-ence, our own sense of beau-ty, lest, a-wak-ened

Soprano

in one un-think-a-ble hou - r₁ we are em-bar-rased by the mi-ra-cle and crushed by re-mon-strance.
(ball) (er) (call)

Alto

in one un-think-a-ble hou - r₁ we are em-bar-rased by the mi-ra-cle and crushed by re-mon-strance.
(ball) (er) (call)

Tenore

in one un-think-a-ble hou - r₁ we are em-bar-rased by the mi-ra-cle and crushed by re-mon-strance.
(ball) (er) (call)

Basso

in one un-think-a-ble hou - r₁ we are em-bar-rased by the mi-ra-cle and crushed by re-mon-strance.
(ball) (er) (call)

~ Nathaniel Lindstrom

~ seven stanzas at Easter (for SATB chorus)

~ text by John Updike

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